

SATURDAY EVENING POST

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1871.

Vol. LL. H. PETERSON & CO., 210 West Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

TERMS: \$1.00 per Annum in Advance. No. 27.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY LOUISE SCHREFFLER.

The Light of Home! I see a boy
With dark eyes full of glow,
How fair the earth before him lies,
His bounding step, how free!
A gentle mother's smile and voice,
A father's joy and pride,
In tender words his family run
Their falling steps may guide,
How to the darling heart of youth
That glowing day dreams come,
A happy laughing-loving boy—
There is the Light of Home.

A fragile, timid, blue-eyed girl,
Whom every look and tone
Brings sunshine to some drooping heart,
And gladness to her own;
With meek devotion she fulfills
A loving daughter's care,
And life above each night and morn
A sister's earnest prayer;
Content in bringing joy to all,
Without a wish to roam—
Ah, happy maiden! where thou art,
There is the Light of Home.

Two baby arms around my neck
In clinging soft embrace,
A velvet cheek and tiny mouth
Laid gently on my face,
Ah, mother-heart! how dear the sound
Of "ward little feet!"
Falling upon a loving ear,
The baby tones how sweet!
While shining circles built by Hope
Glimmer every care,
Where Love and Peace in union dwell,
The Light of Home is there.

SEVEN GRAVES;

THE HEIRS OF DUNLEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. HARRIET KENNETH.

PART I.

CHAPTER IX.

DUNLEATH.

Black Norton advanced, and would have taken Rose's hand, but she eluded him. "A friend of me? Why, I am a favorite with fair-haired women, or they are favorites of mine. See, here is gold as yellow as your curls. I will give you a whole handful for a kiss." Rose dashed down the heavy pitcher and fled like a fawn. Black Norton's sneering laugh pursued her. The terrified girl fled breathlessly back to the cottage. Fortunately her father had fallen asleep, and did not demand the water. Neither did her violent entrance waken him.

With a fluttering heart Rose bolted and barred the door, and then running up to the little latticed window above the porch, looked towards the wood. As soon as she was satisfied that she was not pursued, her trembling terror subsided, and she burst into tears of relief.

But she had been sadly frightened, and now she dreaded to go over again to the spring.

Tears were not natural to Rose. She was singing alone before nightfall.

Just at sundown there came a knock at the door. She opened it, and there stood little Ruth Var, of Dunleath. He reached out to her a tiny bunch of exquisite blue blossoms.

"Where did you get those, Ruth?" "They were sent. They're forget-me-nots. Mr. Angus Norton bade me bring 'em to you."

"Stay a moment, Ruth!" "No, no! I dare not. It's getting dark in the wood!" and without another word the boy ran off, leaving Rose longing to ask who Mr. Angus Norton was, where both had seen him, and a hundred other questions, for until now she had not yet discovered that the handsome stranger lived at Dunleath, and was no other than the last descendant of the family hated by all her kith and kin. If she had, she would yet have kissed the flowers, like an angel's eyes, and laid them in her bosom.

Rose need not have feared—Black Norton came not that way again. He was busy in other directions.

But Rose had another visitor. Old David Pycott, lying on his bed in the inner room, heard the sound of two voices talking without—heard a man's low laugh, and a man's footsteps.

"Who have ye had here, Rose?" he would ask when she came in to him. "A visitor," would be her unsatisfactory reply.

"Mind, I'll have no loose speaking about ye," cautioned the old man. "He is no loose, replied Rose, curtly—at which her father would grumble. "Willful hussy!" and fall asleep.

He had been rather a harsh parent, and his violence and injustice had taught Rose many a lesson of rebellion when she was a child. She was her own mistress now, and she rejoiced to discover. Yet she was faithful and patient with his fits of ill-humor, and never for a moment neglected his comfort. She wanted to do right, and she did not think she needed to be scolded.

But scolding would not have conquered her now. She was too sure of her own heart.

"Though father be neither as all should go mad, I'll come to ye, my lad!" was Rose's song. With all the strong affection of her nature she loved Angus Norton.

He came daily to the cottage, or to the Whiting Spring, where she met him. By the stream basin she made wreaths of catkins



ROSE DISCOVERS ANGUS NORTON IN THE FOREST.

CHAPTER X.

JUDGE GRONOVINGSHIELD.

and cardinal flowers, laughed at her companion's merry jests, and listened to the stories he told of London, the Alps, and Paris. He was so wise, so beautiful! What wonder that she worshipped him in her heart of hearts!

One night they had appointed to meet as usual at the spring. The day had been sunny and sultry, and just at sundown a sudden storm and whirling came up. Thunder rolled, lightning flashed, and a shower of hail fell.

Rose watched from the lattice window in dismay. The wood behind the house roared in the wind. The hall beat like shot upon the gable roof, and threatened to break the diamond panes. Then the rain and wind waded recklessly about the little house. Her father scolded as if the storm were all her fault.

Rose did not care for that. Disappointment and a sharp anxiety made her insensible to everything else. Angus must have started for the rendezvous, and the storm would overtake him in the wood.

Every moment the tumult increased. The heard, with an aching heart, the trees of the wood go down with a crash. At each repetition of the sound she wrung her hands and trembled.

At length, as she sat in darkness, lighted only by the lightning's play, she became aware that the tempest was lessening. The lifted her face from her hands, and peered from the dark pane. The thunder rumbled from a distance; the rain and hail had ceased. Unable to longer bear the oppression which oppressed her, she rose, "lured a cloak around her, lighted a lantern, and ran out of the cottage.

She plunged into the dripping wood, passed the spring, and hurried along the slippery path. The trees still stirred restlessly, but there was no other sound. Now and then a vine, torn from its place, would dash in her face, covering her with rain-drops, but nothing detained her in her eager quest.

Soon she found the path blocked by the fallen trees. Her heart-beats grew thick and fast. A sob broke from her bosom as she held up her lantern and viewed their enormous trunks—which had crushed all before them in their fall.

"Angus! Angus!" she called, in agony. A bird started from the wet bushes with a sharp cry.

"Angus! Angus!" There was no response. A sigh went through the waving branches of the oaks—there was a faint roaring among the pines.

Suddenly Rose heard low moans. She followed the sound. Falling on her knees among the drenched brown leaves, she put her groping hand upon Angus Norton's almost pulseless breast. With an inarticulate cry, she bent closer, peering into his white face. Her heart seemed stifling her. But he was moving, breathing. She put her burning cheek to his.

"Darling—darling," she murmured. His blue eyes opened. By the lantern's light he looked vaguely into her face for a moment, then seemed to know her.

"Rose, I have got hurt, somehow. The storm, you know. I think a tree struck me."

She could not speak for weeping. "Don't cry, my pet," he said. "My shoulder is broken, and I am afraid I can't get up alone—but that is all. Can you run to the village and bring a couple of men, with a litter of some kind, to take me home?"

She stayed but for an instant to shower burning kisses upon his brow, and lips, and golden hair—then sprang to her feet, and was away through the dark and dangerous wood for help.

A long and weary hour passed before her return; but at length help arrived—and Angus Norton was borne to Dunleath.

and the Crowningshield servants glittered along the highway. Theora, wrapped in an ermine cloak, sat among the purple cushions, the autumn sunlight on her marble-pure face, striking a glint of gold from her dark hair, and glowing among the wine-colored velvet of her surroundings. The Black Hawk horses clamped their silver bits, and trotted slowly on their course to the station—the train being due in half an hour.

Miss Crowningshield anticipated her father's return from the city. He had been absent a fortnight. Theora was very fond of her father—as only daughters are apt to be. Since her mother's death, she had been, in a great measure, his companion, and this had intensified the love between them.

Oslo drew rein a short distance from the station building, in the shade of an ancestral oak, which had shaded many a weary wayfarer. Its cooling shade dropped so gracefully on the aristocratic shoulders of Miss Crowningshield—for though there was a chill in the air, the sun's rays were fervid. The well-trained horses stood still as statues. Far down the valley the train whistled.

As Theora looked back among the cash-locks, she caught the glitter of Dunleath's small-paneled windows, in the sunshine. Her calm face grew thoughtful.

She had been told that Angus Norton, of Dunleath, had saved her life, but she had not seen him. From the instant her horse had leaped from the bridge, at the explosion of fireworks, until she recovered consciousness in her own chamber, she knew nothing. They told her that one Angus Norton had brought her to Ashurst. Her father had said it with a ruffled brow.

"If they could follow were any one else, I would be a friend to him," she heard him say to the physician, "but—let set—one can do nothing, you know, Doctor."

The Doctor assented, and the subject was dropped.

It recurred to Theora Crowningshield, as she sat in her carriage, watching the distant windows of Dunleath glitter in the sunshine. Why was this young man so disreputable? She tried to recall what she had heard of the inmates of Dunleath, but could remember nothing. Such courses as the Andersens had run, he'd never been explained to this young lady.

Her meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the train.

A gentleman in gray, with a leonine beard and a noble brow, stepped to the platform. He looked about him, took off his hat to his daughter, and came towards the carriage.

"My love, are you quite well?" "Fully convalescent, papa. But I have missed you so! Are you well, papa?"

She nestled down beside him as they drove away. He held her little gloved hand in his. "All prosperous at home, Dora?"

"Yes. Gray has given Gem her riding lessons since I have not been able. But we have had a disaster."

"What?" "How fell into the fountain basin, yesterday."

He laughed, and kissed her beautiful, upraised face.

"What a catastrophe!" "Papa, your puns are worse than they used to be, and they were always very bad."

Osto began walking his horses up an ascent. The air was amber. Scarlet vines hung among the brown trees. The fields lay steeped in sunshine.

The glittering windows of Dunleath caught Theora's eye again. Her face grew a little absent while her father was talking.

"If you please, papa, I wish you would tell me who lives at the place called Dunleath."

Judge Crowningshield started.

"Why, my dear?" "I would like to know. I cannot understand what the people have done to be so unpopular."

"No, my daughter," you cannot. You have never heard the names, even, of the crimes they have committed."

"But, papa—" "My dear Theora, this is not a pleasant subject for me to continue with you. Let me say, once for all, that the Andersens, father and son, for many generations, have perished in violence and disgrace. It is with reason that people learn their names with horror. They have lived; and it is to be hoped, they will die out, under a social ban. It is my wish that you dismiss the subject from your mind, my child."

As he dismissed Angus Norton from your gratitude, papa, when he saved my life."

For a moment Judge Crowningshield was too surprised to speak.

"The young man is wealthy, Theora, I could not offer him money. He is not a gentleman; I could not ask him to dine," he said. "Accident brought us in contact—I acknowledged that he had rendered me a great service. But I could have nothing in common with such a person, my daughter."

Then he regarded Theora's slightly pensive face in silence.

"I suppose not," she said, at last. The Judge looked slightly displeased.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD FURY.

Rose longed for news of Angus. She was shy of making many open inquiries. She learned, however, at the village market, that he had been badly injured, and lay very ill at Dunleath.

"And what nurse has he there?" asked Rose.

"Granny Var, I suppose," replied the huckster, who was counting Rose's eggs. "One, two, three, four, five dozen. The Grannies are well in years, and little able to do much, I should say."

Rose went home, crying. She sobbed alone as she followed the path through the woods, which Angus Norton had followed that fatal night.

Oh, if she might but see him! There was a house at her side. Old Deb seized her by the arm.

"What are ye crying for, Rose Pycott?" "Rose, weary with her weeping, stood passive. Deb shook her fist, and glared furiously.

"Come, ye young fool! Do ye make moon because the hand of God has saved ye from ruin and disgrace? Is it hell-fire ye are longing for? May it take hold of young Norton, an' burn his bones up!"

Still raving, she dragged Rose forward into the cottage.

"Stay ye here now! Ye are not safe out, with your yellow hair curled for the sea. I will cut it off, burn it up!"

"You are casting lies on me, Aunt Deb!" blazed up Rose. "I am a modest girl, and you know it."

"How came ye to know where Angus Norton fell in the wood? It was dark and late. Tell me that, now."

Rose was silent.

"He'll never come this way again with his Anderson smile, so debonaire. My gay gentlemen will go crossed an' bent now, like your ugly Aunt Deb. Ha! ha! you'll like that, eh?"

Rose shuddered.

"Worthless, worthless hussy! You'll marry your Cousin Saul, now, and be an honest man's wife."

"I will not marry my Cousin Saul," said Rose, firmly.

"We'll see! How fond she is of the evil already!"

The old woman sat down upon the hearth, and leaning upon her staff, regarded the girl with silent anger.

The old childish rebellion against injustice burdened Rose's young face. Nor would she speak further.

"Who is there? Who is there?" queried old David Pycott, from his bedroom.

"It's me, David," replied Deb, thumping at the door. "It's a nice father ye are to look after ye're girl," she added, turning her wrath upon her bed-ridden brother-in-law.

"Who has Rose, here, been meeting in the wood, but the nephew of Alexander Anderson?"

The old man started up on his pillow, though he had not turned himself in his bed for months.

"Did he come to me," he cried. Rose came slowly and silently into the room.

"Girl, girl!" he said, more in sorrow than anger. "An Anderson come atween your mother an' me. Let not you hold that cup to my lips again. I charge ye, Rose, look to it!"

"Father," sobbed the girl, softened by the solemnity of her parent's manner, so different from his usual querulous tone, "I mean no harm. You don't understand. Mr. Angus Norton loves me true. He says he will make me his wife some day."

"He lies!" shrieked old Deb, pounding her staff on the floor. "Don't listen to their stories, girl," said old David, mildly. "They're only lures—only lures. There was never an honest man among that race. Stay you at home, my girl, and mind your duty."

"Tell her to marry Saul!" cried Deb. "Yes, marry your Cousin Saul," said David, falling weakly back upon the pillow.

Rose went to him and kissed him. She lifted his head upon the pillow, and stroked back his gray hair.

"I'll never grieve you, father."

"That's right, my girl! That is right," he murmured.

He put his thin arms around her neck as she bent over him. Old Deb went softly out. Rose kissed her father again. His eyes were closed. His arms hung heavy about her neck. After a moment she started back and looked at his face. Then her cry rang piercingly through the house:

"Aunt Deb! Aunt Deb! Oh, father is dead!"

CHAPTER XII.

ILL.

Things were going badly at Dunleath. Black Norton cursed like a maniac when his son was brought home wounded. He had been drinking deeply, as was his habit of late. But his debauches were made in the solitude of his own chamber, and kept secret. They never interfered with any duties he had abroad.

But alcoholic fire inflamed his rage at the disaster. He cursed everything at home and abroad, above and below. Meanwhile Angus, cool, weak and weary with pain, saw no one but the physician and old Granny Var.

The poor old woman, in spite of her pride as an old retainer, could not comprehend why she found it almost impossible to perform her duties. The house grew to look dirty and neglected, as she patterned about her young master's couch. Black Norton stormed at her because his dinner was not ready. The scullery maid cloped with a travelling peddler. Granny Var was growing blind, and stiff in her joints—in short, getting very old, but she did not realize it.

"How impatient young folks are," she muttered, when Angus, parched with fever, complained that she had been gone an hour for a draught of cold water.

"Am I impatient? I dare say. You must

forgive me. I'm very tired of being sick, Granny. Don't pester about me all the time, good soul. If my shoulder would only hold up aching for a moment I believe I could go to sleep. Go and see what my father wants. I know him stamping about the halling room now."

In spite of sleepless nights, and much pain, Granny's patient was generally even-tempered, so much like his usual easy self, that the old woman's heart was bound up in him.

This morning he at length fell asleep, all sleep long and heavily. When he awoke Granny was still at his side.

"I believe I'm getting well, Granny."

"God grant it!"

Though there was often no dinner, the invalid's tea and jellies were always at hand.

"You'll have a bit of lunch, now, Mr. Angus?"

"He is to please her."

"Whatever will I do with your father?" asked his nurse, after sitting, for a time, in a brown study.

"What troubles you?"

"His going-on, finely. He's that strange, Mr. Angus, that I fear for my life."

"Tell me what he has been doing, Granny."

"It's what I don't know of his doing that troubles me," said Granny, slowly shaking her head. "He was up last night, in his chamber, till morning. And then south room—the three on that side of the house, two of them beyond his—he hasn't let sleep nor me go into for weeks. A pretty mess they must be in! An' what he is doing now but baring up all the windows, as if he wanted thieves. The careful Man! I think, sometimes, that Miss Jean's son is crazy!"

She seemed speaking more to herself than to Angus.

"We're a queer race, eh, Granny?"

"Well, they say so! No quarrel than many another, though."

For Granny, identified with the Andersens, scornfully resented the sneers against them.

"They're hot-blooded. Even Miss Jean, her mother, was. If a servant didn't please her, she'd sling at him whatever was in her hand—a boot, or maybe, a heavy black stamp in her position—and her big black eyes would blaze like lightning. I wondered young Norton dared marry her. But she was handsome—she was handsome as the sun, was Miss Jean! Well, she was married here, and her son was born here, your father, Mr. Angus."

"Go on."

"What more shall I tell you?"

"Tell me how Jean Anderson died. I have heard—"

"You've heard no great harm of her that was true, Mr. Angus."

She was her own worst enemy, poor girl! she committed suicide. She was crazy, they said. Two so, or perhaps 'twas only her high temper that wouldn't let her live with her husband in peace. She stabbed herself one stormy night. The stain of her blood is on the oak floor of her room now. We never could get it off. Poor Jean! Poor girl!"

"And my father. My father was taken away from Dunleath. I have heard him say that he was not brought up here."

"Granny Norton was an Englishman. He took the child away to England. He had a sister there, but she died. Nothing is known of your father's early life, Mr. Angus. But I've thought that he must have married a good woman, whereby you get your mild ways."

CHAPTER XIII.

SHORT MEALS.

After her father's burial, Rose went with old Deb to her hut in the woods. She had other relatives, the Pycotts were a large clan, but Deb had always assumed a harsh, though honestly kind supervision over the beautiful girl.

Deb was rejoiced at this opportunity of keeping watch over Rose. But Rose resented that she would see Angus Norton, and she only awaited her opportunity.

Suddenly old Deb fell sick. A severe attack of rheumatism confined her to her bed. In vain she scolded, she could not rise nor have her nurse.

"Shall I go for a doctor, Aunt Deb?" said Rose.

"Go for a fool! I want no doctors around me. Dye think I'd lived to be eighty-seven years old if I'd sent for a doctor at every ail? I know better in that. Bring me that box of ointment and sleep on some talisman. The herbs hang yonder. Yes, that's it. If I can sleep well, I'll soon come round. An' stir ye not from the hearth, Rose."

Deb soon slept soundly under the influence of the valerian. Rose watched her, listening to her breathing with a rapidly beating heart. At length she closed the door upon her, and came and stood for a moment by the fire. Beelzebub sat there, washing his face.

Rose knew that this was a chance which might not occur again. Under the table stood a basket with an assortment of herbs which Deb carried to the village about for sale. Securing this, Rose donned Deb's old scarlet cloak, and slipped noiselessly out of the hut.

It was four miles to Dunleath, and she would be obliged to pass through Danesbury. When she was nearly through the wood she picked up a stick for a staff, and began imitating Deb's halting step. She made immense success. A boy, hunting for his cow, cried:—"Seen a black heifer, old Deb?" Rose did not forget to shake her staff at him, as the fierce old woman would have done, if thus addressed.

Succeeding so far in adopting her Aunt Deb's character, Rose ventured to offer her herbs for sale to a barefooted little girl who was coming out of the village. She was a natural mimic, but she surprised herself in imitating old Deb's voice and peculiarities of speech.

"Herbs? Dye want to buy any herbs?"

"Yes, I want to buy any herbs?"

"Yes, I want to buy any herbs?"

"Yes, I want to buy any herbs?"

"Yes, I want to buy any herbs?"

"Yes, I want to buy any herbs?"

which each person can prepare.
Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON,
114 Broadway, New York. MAY 3-17

“**The Best**” is a term always applied to *Sanatogen* Preparations. They deserve the title.

66 The arrival of six Japanese young ladies at San Francisco in search of an education has created quite a flutter at Vassar College. One of them is said to be very common in appearance, and it is feared that some important changes in costume may be necessitated at the college in case Miss Japan should turn out to be a belle and lead the fashions!

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, *The Saturday Evening Post*, having just completed its half-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of *The Post* has therefore been enlarged fully one-third, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novels, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Humes, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thayer, Elia Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Corcoran, Little Devereux, etc., etc. *The Post* will be entirely neutral in politics.

NEW NOVELS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novels and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, - - - - - \$3.50.
One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post (\$3.50) and One of the Lady's Friend (\$2.00), for \$5.50.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents extra, as we have to pay the U. S. postage.

The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

The contents of *The Post* and of *The Lady's Friend* will always be entirely different.

Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office orders, or in Drafts on Cheques payable to our order.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 5 Cents.

A traveller writes home from Paris, "The word I have stood most in need of since my arrival has been the French for damn."

Pretty girls are the guide-boards that point the way to the land of matrimony.

A gem from the last opera was executed by Miss Angelica Riccio-Lesmoine.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1872.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still on hand back numbers to the first of the year, containing the early chapters of "The Swamp Outlaws," &c.

A CURE FOR CANCER.

I wish to tell you how I cured my cancer last summer, without pain or money. Eight years ago a cancer came on my nose. It grew slowly for several years, but the last two years it increased rapidly in size. It became frightful. It had begun to eat out my left eye. I had paid hundreds of dollars, and had tried doctors far and near without finding relief. Last summer I drank Wild Tea, putting the tea grounds on my cancer every night as a poultice. In six weeks my cancer was cured. I am now 67 years old. I have given this remedy to several that had cancer, and know that it has been cured since. I believe Wild Tea grows over the country, generally, always on high land.

Truly yours,
CHARLES YARDLEY,
Saturday Evening Post Philadelphia, Pa.

OLIVE LOGAN.

SEE IS NOT A FREE-LOVER.

Olive Logan, in a letter to the editor of the New York Sun, says:

"Mr.—So many journals have copied your statement that both my husband and myself 'stood in the front line of the ultra-progressives of the age in regard to marriage, and the religious ceremony of Tuesday they regarded as a concession to the prejudices of the unenlightened majority,' that I will not permit you to print my statement without the statement to supply that an ultra-progressivist in this matter is one who holds the marriage bond lightly, and who would break it easily. I deny that we are either of such; and the religious ceremony which joined us was a 'concession' to nobody; it was a free-will offering to, and confession to each other, and a practical protest against a growing license of opinion regarding the Christian institution of marriage. I attended the Women's Convention at Seneca Falls, in the spring of 1848, (the only one I ever attended,) that the religious ceremony of that respectable body would lend aid to such monstrous doctrine, and we were not forth by some expression of women's confidence in the institution of marriage. In the short speech I made on that occasion, I expressed my opinion to believe that we ought to urge no war of extermination on the gentle household gods; and I have 'progressed' not one inch in this matter since. I still think a happy home the best thing

there is on this earth, and I still believe that the old-fashioned marriage is the best of it. As for my husband, though he has long been known as a patient investigator into the wrongs and sufferings of the poor, and as an earnest pleader for charity toward the poor working girls of New York, he has never once, with pen or tongue, advocated marriage for women; so that even by implication he cannot be included in the stigma which the enemies of that cause would attach to all its advocates.

Not is it any sign of "progressiveness" in me, or in Mr. W. H. Miller in private life, I am still professionally.

Yours truly,
OLIVE LOGAN.
"On the Wing," Dec. 26, 1871.

MILSON'S ADMIRER.

Miss Milson had trouble with a most daring lover, and the consequence has been his arrest. The New York Sun says: Justice Scott was yesterday called upon to adjudge in a singular case, the memory of which will remain with him as long as he lives. The complainant is none other than Christina Milson, the renowned songstress, and the defendant one Charles Theodore Busch, a German musician of three sons, whose heart had been pierced with Cupid's shafts until his aged head had turned. Miss Milson's complaint against the gentle lover was preferred in a low sweet tone that thrilled the blushing Justice, and filled the Court-room with merriment.

"He annoys me much, your Honor," said the silver-voiced songstress. "He follows me everywhere. If I walk in the street he is at my side; if I enter a door he is with me. He foolishly believes that he loves me, and that I am essential to his happiness. Please tell him to give me peace."

"While Miss Milson was thus pleading, poor Charles Busch's eyes followed every movement of her lips, and his ears drank in every sound of her mellifluous voice. Edging nearer and nearer to his fair endeavor, he seized the corner of her far cape and, bearing it hurriedly to his lips, kissed it repeatedly in the ecstasy of his adoration."

"He says, your Honor," continued the fair complainant, blushing, "that I must marry him."

"You shall not be troubled by him again, Mademoiselle," said the Justice, with a smile. "My Busch, I shall require you to give bonds in \$300 to keep the peace toward this lady for six months."

It is said that the ardent Busch not only followed Miss Milson and annoyed her with silly speeches, but that on one occasion he actually stole a kiss from her very lips. He had previously gone so far as to intrude himself into her private apartments, from which the servants promptly ejected him. The kiss was taken yesterday morning.

BEATRICE CENCI.

The history of this beautiful but unfortunate woman, who was executed at Rome, on September 11th, 1599, for the murder of her father, has again attracted attention in consequence of a criticism by William W. Story, on the picture of the famous character painted by Guido Reni. Mr. Story says that, in the account of Beatrice, to be found in the archives of the Cenci palace, there is no mention made of a portrait by Guido. In the manuscript family annals, Beatrice is described as being small and of a fair complexion, with a round, smiling face, dimples in her cheeks, and extremely long, curling golden hair. Her eyes were of a deep blue, pleasing and full of fire. The portrait does not correspond with this description, as the eyes are hazel, the hair is not curling and long, and the face has thin and haggard cheeks, without any dimples. The famous alleged portrait of Beatrice Cenci, it may be mentioned, is by the best art critics considered to be a fancy picture painted by some unknown pupil of Guido. This distinguished artist was born in 1575 at Bologna, and it is said did not visit Rome until after the execution of Beatrice, so that the romantic story about his sketching her features while she was on the way to the scaffold is untrue. Guido also painted in that district, and the picture in question, in later manner, which was not adopted until some time after the death of Beatrice.

MOTHERHOOD.

Col. Higginson says that so sacred a thing does motherhood seem to me, so paramount and absorbing the duty of a mother to her child, that in a true state of society I think she should be utterly free from all other duties, even if possible, from the ordinary care of housekeeping. If she has spare cash and strength to do these other things as pleasures, very well; but she should be relieved from them as duties. And as to self-support, I am hardly conceive of an instance where it can be to the mother of young children anything but a calamity. As we all know, this calamity often occurs; I have seen it among the factory operatives at the North, and among the negro women in the cotton-fields at the South; in both cases a tragedy, and the bodies and souls of mother and children alike suffer. That the mother should bear and tend and nurture, while the father supports and protects, this is the true division.

A PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

A lady writing from Paris, says: The other evening, in a very elegant, very elegant American saloon, music was going on; it was always with music a *soirée* commences. Among the guests there was a young French lieutenant, the bearer of an ancient name and of a recent decoration, gallantly won in our latest campaign. A blonde German musician sits down to the piano, preludes with much talent, and begins to play the triumphal march of the Emperor of Germany. The company exchange glances and feel uncomfortable; the lieutenant rises gravely, goes up to the mantelpiece, takes the long, snatches up the piece of music, and throws it into the fire. The astonishment of all present may readily be imagined. The lieutenant, then turning towards the amazed musician, said loudly: "It is not sufficient, musician, to be an artist of talent; it is of still more importance to be well bred."

WHY HE WOULD NOT.

A movement is on foot in England for a national subscription to aid the proprietor of Warwick Castle to rebuild the portion of that edifice recently destroyed by fire. Mr. J. Ruskin is greatly distressed by this. Mr. Ruskin says he is a corded lover of the ruin, but, he adds: "I am at this hour endeavoring to find work and food for a boy of 17, one of eight people—two married couples, a woman and her daughter, and this boy and his sister—who all sleep together in one room, some eighteen feet square, in the heart of London; and you call upon me for a subscription to help rebuild Warwick Castle. Mr. Ruskin's name will therefore not be found in the list of subscribers to the Warwick fund."

An unimpeachable parent in Portsmouth, N. H., observed with pain that his first-born had no teeth, and hastened to remedy the "defect" by purchasing a fifteen dollar set of dentures, which he handed to the nurse, with the remark that the baby should not suffer if he had to wear only one shirt a week.

A London merchant advertised for a clerk who could "bear company." He received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

TWO VERSIONS.

The recent publication of a verification of an old legend by Longfellow, under the title of "The Legend of the Blue Bird," has called attention to another verification of the same legend, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of this city, published a number of years ago.

We annex the two versions for the gratification of our readers. Miss Donnelly's, Mr. Longfellow himself has declared to be the first and best—being a fine poem, as well as a verification—though narrated by some insurance of rhythm.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY STEVEN W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hast thou heard of a maid who had?"
That is the title of the poem.

In his chamber all alone,
Knocking on the door of sleep,
The monk in deep meditation
For the sake of his soul,
Prayed for greater self-control,
In meditation and in prayer,
It was midnight by the clock,
And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unbidden vision appeared
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the vision of a maid,
Of our Lord, with light around her,
And a vision wrapped about him,
Like a garment of flame.

Not as a vision of flame,
Not as a vision of light,
Not with glowing hands and feet,
Did the vision appear to him;
But as a vision of a maid,
In the form of a young girl,
Who he had seen in the street,
When he walked in the street.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon her bosom crossed,
Wondering, wondering, adoring,
The monk in deep meditation
For the sake of his soul,
Prayed for greater self-control,
In meditation and in prayer,
It was midnight by the clock,
And the monk was all alone.

Then came his exclamation,
From his bearded lips, calling
Through the night and through the air,
He had never heard before,
That the vision of a maid,
Of our Lord, with light around her,
And a vision wrapped about him,
Like a garment of flame.

It was now the appointed hour,
When the monks in choir would sing,
To the convent bells and bells,
All the bells of the convent,
For their daily duty of food,
For their daily duty of food,
For their daily duty of food,
For their daily duty of food.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Would he go, or would he stay?
Would he leave the poor to wait
For the vision of a maid,
Of our Lord, with light around her,
And a vision wrapped about him,
Like a garment of flame.

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if it came from God,
That the vision of a maid,
Of our Lord, with light around her,
And a vision wrapped about him,
Like a garment of flame.

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longings full of love,
He went to the vision of a maid,
Of our Lord, with light around her,
And a vision wrapped about him,
Like a garment of flame.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
That only seen in those
Who had the vision of a maid,
Of our Lord, with light around her,
And a vision wrapped about him,
Like a garment of flame.

That is only seen in those
Who had the vision of a maid,
Of our Lord, with light around her,
And a vision wrapped about him,
Like a garment of flame.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did,
What he said and what he did.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST.—I believe I attempted to tell you something about the fashion of the hat, but owing to the limited space allotted to me, and the great pressure on your columns, I believe I have not done justice to the subject. I have seen it in patent cheese-presses, improved griddles, pickles-cans and pork-pies, and now I see it on the ladies' heads. This hat is a difficult thing to describe, but it has a high-puffed crown, the silk or velvet of which lies up loosely, as though it had not settled permanently, but was on the verge of something else. There are plenty of curled tips and marbled feathers, and a great waving in of ornaments and folds and bows of ribbon. The brim is narrow, and has a bashful way of looking down all around, as though it hadn't become accustomed to the important position to which it had lately been elevated. However, when surmounting a tangle of blonde curls and braids, to say nothing of a pretty face, it is a hat "as will do you credit," and as it is destined to rule through the winter, and will likely be reproduced in summer materials, it is best to know so, anyhow.

OLIVE LOGAN.

Laurence Crenshaw's Wife.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

"Isn't he handsome?" "Isn't she lovely?" "Splendid silk!—must have cost a fortune—trimmings and all." "Worth a cool two hundred thousand in her own right," etc., etc.

Such were some of the whispers which were elicited by the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Crenshaw, in Mrs. Barton's brilliantly-lighted parlor, about a month after their marriage; and as the young wife, leaning on her husband's arm, heard the whispered comments of those around her, her cheeks flushed more deeply, and she held her head a little more erect. She was called pretty, as girls go, but her beauty was of the diminutive, pink-and-white-blossom-and-yellow-hair order, of which one soon wears; to-night, however, she was looking her very best—and those who had before spoken rather slightly of her charms, looked at her with surprise. Her yellow hair was dressed with delicate care and elegance, and the gossamer-like ringlets floating around her fair face and down to her slender waist were in themselves a marvel; true, her nose was neither pretty nor aristocratic, and her chin was too large to meet all the weaknesses and ailments of it.

He thrust her from him, and turned away, but she caught his sleeve. "You won't leave me in this way?" she said. "I am very poor—for the boy's sake, a little money."

He laughed bitterly. Money—always money!—and then more gently. "Where is the—the child?"

"With me," she answered. "Not far from here. Will you go?"

"It will do no harm," he said, "lead the way," and they walked in silence through the storm.

It was a poor, shabby room into which she led him, in one of the lowest streets of the city, and as he contrasted it with the home he had left not an hour before, he felt for the first time an emotion of pity for the wife beside him; it was so bare and comfortable, and she was so bright and beautiful things in the old days.

"I will not stay," he said, as she placed a chair for him, "show me the child."

She took the lamp from the mantel and carried it to the bedside, while Laurence Crenshaw stood by the door, looking down at the sleeping boy, whose baby face was a miniature likeness of his own.

"He is very like you," said the woman, as he turned away, and leaning on the mantel with his head resting on his arm, seemed lost in thought. "Very like you."

He did not seem to notice that she had spoken, and as she stood gazing at him, her eyes brightened with a new hope; she threw off her shawl, and going to him, laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Lead me," she said, "Lead me—"

He turned and looked at her; all the bold, hard look had disappeared, and there was an appealing sweetness in her face which made him for the moment forget himself.

"What is it, Alice?" he said gently.

She drew nearer to him, and laid her head on his shoulder, and her eyes were mingled with tears. "You are very hard on me, Laurie, and we used to be so happy."

There was a girlish prettiness in her attitude as she stood beside him, with her head drooping, her hands folded before her, her dark hair veiling her shoulders, and the first light gleaming on her downcast face, and his heart melted as he looked at her.

"I loved you then, Laurie—and I—oh! Laurie—don't be so hard and cold! I love you not my money, but because I love you, and I will try to outlive you, I have ever done so, for she, God help her, believes in me."

"You are going?" The woman's glittering eyes followed his every movement narrowly, but she did not move.

"Yes," he answered. "There is some money in the money-box in my own, and you may have it. I will send you some for the child when I can, but not one cent of my wife's money shall you have while you live."

"I am not covered," she answered, and then turning away with a worn look on his hand, she said, "I am going away now. You have taught me one thing—to think more kindly of my wife than I have ever done before. I will try to outlive you, I have ever done so, for she, God help her, believes in me."

"You are going?" The woman's glittering eyes followed his every movement narrowly, but she did not move.

"Yes," he answered. "There is some money in the money-box in my own, and you may have it. I will send you some for the child when I can, but not one cent of my wife's money shall you have while you live."

"I am not covered," she answered, and then turning away with a worn look on his hand, she said, "I am going away now. You have taught me one thing—to think more kindly of my wife than I have ever done before. I will try to outlive you, I have ever done so, for she, God help her, believes in me."

"You are going?" The woman's glittering eyes followed his every movement narrowly, but she did not move.

"Yes," he answered. "There is some money in the money-box in my own, and you may have it. I will send you some for the child when I can, but not one cent of my wife's money shall you have while you live."

"I am not covered," she answered, and then turning away with a worn look on his hand, she said, "I am going away now. You have taught me one thing—to think more kindly of my wife than I have ever done before. I will try to outlive you, I have ever done so, for she, God help her, believes in me."

I told you so before, — I never it now. And he, leaving the woman alone with the deserted streets to his young wife.

During the next few months Laurence Crenshaw struggled bravely against himself. He had married Josephine May with a full determination to make her happy, if possible, and this resolution he kept steadily in view. Not a word or a look did he give her that was not kind and gentle, and she was apparently entirely happy. He had married her without feeling towards her the least shadow of love, but, as the days went by, he found himself slowly but surely "falling in love" with his wife. She was so gentle, so child-like, and, above all, so very fond of him, that by degrees he began to feel that life might be very happy for them both, and that, though the passionate love which he had once felt was gone forever, there was a deeper, purer, more enduring affection springing up in its heart.

He did not realize this fully until, in the early summer months, his wife, slight and fragile always, began to grow weaker and more delicate; but when he saw how thin and wan her face grew daily, how large her eyes looked with the black shadows beneath them, and how weary and listless she seemed all the time, he began to understand how dear she had grown to him, and how utterly worthless and empty his life would be without her.

As the days went by, and Josephine was no longer able to walk or even to sit up, he was always beside her, anticipating her every wish, and trying, in gentle, unobtrusive ways, to make her comfortable, and she, trying like a broken lily among her pillows, tried to be brave and hopeful for his sake.

Laurence Crenshaw was not an imaginative man, by any means, but sometimes he fancied that there was a new expression in his wife's eyes as she watched him about the room—a questioning, appealing look which followed him everywhere; night and day it haunted him, but he held his peace.

Of Alice Dunbar, the woman whom he had met in the street on that stormy night, he saw and heard no more; but the thought of her seemed to have meant nothing, and although he sent money from time to time to the child, no message ever came back, and so he thought of her no more. Josephine was his only care, and his only aim was to make the weary days more endurable to her.

"When you are well again, darling," he said to her one evening as he sat beside her, holding her thin hands in his. "When you are well again, we will be very happy, you and I—and the little one." And she answered with a faint smile: "Yes, Laurence, dear; you and I—and the little one." But her husband's heart sank as he saw how very weak and ill she was.

Before midnight there was a sudden commotion in the grounds—servants hurried to and fro, pale, scared faces, and all was confusion and terror, for Laurence Crenshaw's wife was lying white and still in her chamber, unconscious of all around her.

"Dying!" they whispered; but as she was dying, she was the title of sterner life, and the child's cry brought her back, and she lived, while the little life that was but just begun went in her place.

As the days went by, health came slowly back to Josephine, and although it was a weary time that she was confined to her chamber, there came, at last, a day when she, though still pale and weak, took her old place in the house; and then Laurence Crenshaw thanked God with his whole heart for his mercy and goodness.

"If she had died," he would think with a shudder, as he heard her sweet voice chirping for him at the window, and then only he began to realize what a blessing she had been to him. Under her gentle influence all the good qualities of his nature had been called forth; for her sake he had kept watch over his imperious temper until it was entirely subdued, and he knew, in his inmost heart, that it was through his wife that his better self had been called to life.

"Josie, Josie, darling," he would say, "I never knew what happiness was until now—it is you who have saved me from being a total wreck."

And Josie, the childish smile fading away, would look at him with a sudden gravity shading her face, and the old questioning expression in her blue eyes, and answer all day, "I love you so."

That look haunted Laurence incessantly; a vague fear came to him that some rumor of his old vice and follies had been heard by her, and that she was growing to doubt him. His heart ached him to tell her all of his past life, and trust to her love for his forgiveness, but he shrank from it.

"She would never trust me, or believe in me again," he thought; "better let it go!" and so he held his peace.

But one day there came to him a solution of the mystery.

As the days grew cooler, Josephine did not rise to breakfast. She was still in delicate health; and although she began to look a little better, all attention was for hidden her, and she rarely came down stairs before lunch time, while Laurence, after partaking of his solitary meal, would go out for the "constitutional," which his wife had insisted upon since her recovery.

To him, sitting at the table one morning, entered Josephine's maid, bearing a little note written in his wife's delicate hand.

"Please return a little earlier than usual," it said. "I have a surprise for you."

Laurence wondered a little at the message, and, possibly, a little at what the "surprise" might be, but not being of an inquisitive temperament, soon desisted from such an unsatisfactory proceeding, and went out for his daily walk.

When he returned, his wife was waiting for him in her morning-room, and as she came forward to meet him, he thought he had never seen her look so lively. Her white wrapper with its black ribbons, made her fair face seem still fairer. While the bluish rings of yellow hair (for she had given up her long, dark hair) clustered around her head, gave her a childish look which was very charming.

There was a little embarrassment and confusion in her manner, which was unusual, and when Laurence saw this, and also noticed the troubled look in her face, he felt a vague uneasiness.

"What is it, Josie?" he asked.

"She sat down beside him and laid her pretty head on his shoulder, and there were tears in her blue eyes, and she spoke very gently.

"You cannot, — after this," he cried despairingly.

She drew him down to her until she could look straight into his eyes.

"I have known it for months, my husband," she whispered, "and—oh, Laurence—have pitied you so. I tried to make her last days comfortable; but she was hard and bitter to the last. Laurence, dear, let it go. I love you—and we will be very happy—you and I, and the little one."

LOVE'S MOONLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Out in the moonlight with face uplifted, Patient eyes drinking the light; Silver moonbeams the curls have twisted, Tinged her form with a white.

Sweetest smile a rest, no content and true, Rest, and the moonlight, we listen to you. Chained in the moonlight with face grief blighted, Hungry eyes seeking for the light; Prescient, eyes-astonished, and soul enlightened, Blinked in old moonbeams as white.

Spelling back heart-ache, we whispered, "The true Only Love's moonlight keeps off frost and dew."

NO LOVE LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MALCOLM ALSTYNE.

CHAPTER I.

Hugh Vandeware was seated on a cliff looking out over the sea. His face was not melancholy, but still quite sober in its expression. There was nothing particularly queer about him; yet he had a somewhat puzzling subject of thought. I expect you will laugh when you hear what it was.

Well, Hugh was running over all the list of his lady acquaintances, the marriageable ones, and asking himself who of them all would suit him? which one could he love well enough to wed?

There wasn't any problem in that question. He wasn't assuming that he could get any person that he wanted. It was only a practical question that he was settling; did he want anybody?

And looking over the whole list of his lady friends, he decided that there wasn't one that he loved, or was likely to love.

Pshaw, those very thoughts were strong proof that he wasn't in love. A man does not go about loving women such as cool, deliberate fashion. Indeed it is entirely different. Instead, a man wakes to the realization that something very strong in his power, very sweet in its existence, is within his reach. It is there before he knows it. When he discovers it, he finds it to be the great influence of his life. And he does not go to searching about for the woman that is the object of it. She stands out from all the world; she is queen of her sex; she is the one woman of all for the man that loves her. His heart will not let him mistake the position that she occupies in it.

So Hugh Vandeware was absurd in his thoughts. However, he wasn't extraordinarily anxious to marry. Indeed such a train of thought was very natural, in spite of its absurdity. Other people loved and married, why shouldn't he? He asked himself why it wasn't so with him?

Presently a step along the beach interrupted his thoughts. Glancing down from where he was seated, he beheld a young lady walking leisurely along. He was above her range of vision, so she did not perceive him. The thought occurred to the young man that here was a very graceful figure. He wondered who she could be. He was positive that he did not know her, that he had never before seen her. She had passed the cliff but a short distance, when she gave a sudden cry, and sank down on the beach. Hugh sprang to his feet, and hurried down from the cliff by the winding path that he had seconded not long before. He lost sight of the young lady, and it was a half a minute before he came around to her. She was still prostrate upon the beach, sobbing painfully. As she beheld Hugh her sobs ceased and she tried to rise. He caught her in his arms and lifted her to her feet.

"What is the matter?" he cried unceremoniously; "are you injured?"

"I think I have sprained my ankle," she answered.

Then she blushed vividly. Hugh was still supporting her in his arms.

"I think that I can stand alone," she said.

He released her, but a sudden pained expression warned him that she was mistaken. So all he could do was to give her his support once more.

"Is it very painful?" he asked presently.

"Not as painful as it was," she answered.

"What are we to do?" Hugh reflected a moment. "Where—"

"I am staying at Mrs. Seale's," she interrupted, comprehending his question before it was asked.

"Are you?" Hugh returned, in surprise; "so am I."

He wondered why he had not met her there. He concluded that she must have been very late for her appointment. He felt that it was no time for any explanation.

"I might carry you there," he said. "It is not much, if any, over half a mile distance."

She blushed more vividly than before.

"It is scarcely necessary," she returned. "I can walk, it is true—but if you will be so kind as to go for assistance, I will remain here. You can place me a safe way up the cliff, and I shall be comfortable."

"I fear to leave you by yourself," Hugh remonstrated. "You may become suddenly sick or faint."

"No, I won't," she said; "at least I will run the risk."

Of course Hugh had to obey her request. He seated her comfortably a short distance up the path, that wound up the side of the cliff. In front of it lifted itself straight up from the beach.

"My name is Mallicent Graeme," the girl said, as Hugh turned away.

"And mine is Hugh Vandeware," he returned. "I will be back very shortly. I will make all possible haste."

CHAPTER II.

Miss Graeme's injury wasn't a very severe one. For a few days she was kept from participating in the pleasures of Mrs. Seale's guests. But at the end of a week she found herself fully recovered.

The reason that Hugh had never beheld her till that day, was the one that he had inferred. She had arrived at Mrs. Seale's but a short time before she had taken that walk along the beach.

Mallicent Graeme was a very pretty and accomplished girl. There was some rare and sweet charm about her that was hard to describe. He discovered that at last he had met his destiny. He didn't have to look about him now to search for somebody whom he should choose for a wife. No; for that night he acknowledged to himself that he loved Mallicent Graeme.

High on more intimate terms than they were, they had arrived at it in weeks of ordinary acquaintance. Mallicent had thanked him for his aid, and they laughed merrily about it. After that they got on very well together. I should say, however, that it was only time for a time. For some reason or other, a coldness, or, at least, some awkwardness sprang up between them.

When Hugh became aware that it was so, it gave him considerable pain. He didn't understand the reason of the coldness, either. It appeared to him that it was his fault at all. It occurred to him that it was his fault, he thought, but couldn't see any reason for it. Yet he was unconsciously having done something to anger her.

To be sure there wasn't anything like a quarrel. They were strictly polite to each other, and maintained some of the requirements of society.

It got on so, that they could never see anything alike. If there was an argument, Mallicent was sure to be on an outside—Hugh on the other. No doubt it was all her fault at the first—but soon after that the change from the pleasant intimacy they had been in, and it struck him so that he was about as ready as she to "take up arms."

So they were continually sparring at each other, always with smiling faces, it is true, but none the less maintaining against each other on that account. They were both quite brilliant—consequently their battles were generally about drawn, neither being the victor.

Of course the fact that they never could agree, was noticed by Mrs. Seale's other guests. It could not be otherwise than that it should attract some attention. And there were some curious about it. Some thought that the two must have taken a dislike to each other, and that being too well bred to quarrel openly, they took this means of satisfying their mutual feelings. Others, and by far the greater majority, thought that it was only a friendly war, begun in playfulness, and kept up for the amusement of themselves and others. And perhaps a few thought that he or she was merely expressing his or her honest views, and that it only happened that they were always opposed to each other.

One of Mrs. Seale's guests, Miss Waterman, had known Mallicent Graeme for several years, and was very intimate with her. They looked the library of Mallicent's subject one evening, when in the drawing-room that they occupied together.

"What is the matter between you and Mr. Vandeware lately, Mallicent?" Miss Waterman asked.

"I am not aware that anything is," Mallicent answered carelessly.

"You don't just like two people who have been in love, and had made the discovery that you were both mistaken after all and didn't care a fig for each other, and so part?"

"I assure you that nothing of the kind has ever occurred between Mr. Vandeware and me," was the answer.

"Certainly not. I simply made the comparison, Mallicent. You are at sword's point, my dear. You smile on him, and it is true, when you make your thrusts, yet it appears to me that you are in a fair way to hate each other cordially."

"It occurs to me, Ida," Mallicent said, "that you are getting very imaginative. I am a little too far from you. Mr. Vandeware and I are very good friends, and likely to remain so, so far as I know."

"Yes, you are remarkably friendly," Miss Waterman returned with a little satire in her voice. "If you are, my Mallicent, indications are false. You are to blame for it. I think. The man would have been cordial with you if you had allowed him to be."

"Why what have I done?" cried Mallicent, seemingly astonished.

"What have you done?" mimicked Miss Waterman. "I might change the question and say, what are you doing? Oh, nothing at all; nothing but making him the object of your wit, and running contrary to all his hopes and desires, and bringing into ridicule the side of the argument. Truly it isn't much, but it will make him hate you."

"I dare say there will be no love lost," Mallicent interrupted with a point.

"I hadn't finished, darling Mallicent," Miss Waterman continued with a smile; "you will make him hate you or love you."

Mallicent made no reply, but sat still, with just an added shade to the color in her cheeks.

"I don't doubt but that you would prefer the first," Miss Waterman added mischievously; "you've broken enough hearts already to satisfy you I should say. I am going to retire. Good-night."

And she disappeared in her bedroom, while Mallicent's opened into the drawing-room.

"Good-night," Mallicent called after her. And the girl sat for some time with the sentence "No love lost" and its connections floating through her mind.

The next day a gay party of Mrs. Seale's guests went around the point on a boating excursion. When they returned and got out on the beach to go up to the house it was almost sundown.

"I'll venture that dinner is ready when we get to the house," cried Miss Waterman, who was one of the party, as well as Mallicent Graeme and Hugh Vandeware.

"I hope it is, for this sea air has made me awfully hungry," uttered Mr. Dick Gorman, a handsome young man of twenty-five or thereabouts.

Hugh Vandeware found himself beside Miss Waterman as they left the boat. Dick Gorman was with Mallicent Graeme.

"I believe that these two yonder are in love," said Miss Waterman to Hugh, in a very confidential manner.

"Which two?" asked Hugh, sharply.

"Miss Graeme and Mr. Gorman, to be sure," was the answer. "They've been flirting with each other ever since they became acquainted, which was two years ago. I'll wager my diamond ring that the end of it is a wedding."

The wicked girl! It was a shame for her to talk that way, when only three days before Dick Gorman had asked her to marry him, and she had told him that she would. And Miss Waterman knew that she had followed her to Mrs. Seale's for that express purpose. She had been watching Hugh Vandeware while she was talking so lightly. Was it fancy, or did he actually pale a little? She thought that he did.

"I don't think that they'll make a very fine couple," she asked, casting a very good smile on Hugh.

"Undoubtedly," he both handsome people," Hugh answered, a little coldly.

They reached the house, and found that dinner was ready. Some of the other guests were seated, and Hugh Vandeware got a seat beside Mallicent. Glancing down along the table, he beheld Miss Waterman seated beside Mr. Dick Gorman.

Hugh's mind was an insupportable flirt, was the thought that he had.

But she wasn't half as light as she seemed, and loved Dick Gorman with all her heart, fully as much as he did her.

There seemed to be that evening a trace between Hugh and Mallicent Graeme. Not a passing at arm's length occurred between them during the dinner, nor after it.

And that night, as Hugh smoked his pipe before retiring, he searched deep into his heart. You can guess what he found there. He discovered that at last he had met his destiny. He didn't have to look about him now to search for somebody whom he should choose for a wife. No; for that night he acknowledged to himself that he loved Mallicent Graeme.

CHAPTER III.

The truce didn't last long. The young man would gladly have had a treaty of peace, but the girl wouldn't let it be so.

And it seemed as if there was to be a great deal of love lost; in fact, all of which Hugh Vandeware was capable, and that was considerable. Yes, he loved her truly, and looking the matter right in the face, it appeared to him that there was not a particle of hope. Worse than that, he thought that she must positively dislike him.

And what do you suppose that he decided to do? Why, to go away from there; and to go, too, without ever telling Mallicent Graeme that he loved her.

"What would be the use?" he asked himself, gloomily. "There is no mistake but her treatment of me."

I think that he was wrong. I say, if a man loves a woman, he ought to tell her so, even if there isn't the thousandth part of a chance for him. I believe that if it decides his fate for the week, he will feel better than if he has not spoken at all. No doubt it is true, that—

"Of all odd words of tongue or pen, The saddest are those that 'I might have been.'"

But I believe that he is doubly sad when the man he loves the least, thought that the "might have been" might have occurred in reality if it had not been for his own fault or neglect.

Arriving at his decision, Hugh Vandeware walked out of the house. Going down to the beach, he went nothing to attract his attention. Coming back, whom should he meet but Miss Waterman.

"Will you go back with me, Mr. Vandeware," she said, "I am going to take a stroll along the beach."

He turned back with her. They kept along the sea-shore, walking slowly. Mr. Vandeware was preoccupied and abstracted in manner, so conversation was not at all lively.

"Mr. Vandeware, what are you?" the girl said, languidly, presently. "You are not your usual gay self at all."

"I presume that I am not in a dangerous way," he answered with a little forced animation.

They kept up the conversation for five minutes.

Then Hugh grew as silent and self-absorbed as ever.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said, at length, breaking a silence of a minute.

"Indeed," Miss Waterman exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, I thought you were going to stay as long as any of us. Your resolution is certainly sudden."

"Yes, it is rather sudden," he said.

Then the girl looked at him closely, stealing glances so that he was not aware of her scrutiny.

"Mr. Vandeware," she said finally, "do you believe me to be your friend?"

"Certainly," he answered.

"Can you trust me?"

He was wondering at what she could be saying.

"Yes, I can trust you," he said.

She stopped and stood still on the beach. "I have been watching you for the last few weeks," Miss Waterman uttered, "and I think I understand you just about as well as you understand yourself."

Hugh Vandeware had never known the girl to be so serious in manner before. He was puzzled more than ever by her words.

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Do you forgive me, if I ask you some plain questions?"

"Ask them,"

"Do you love my friend, Mallicent Graeme?"

Hugh gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why do you ask that," he cried.

"But, Miss Waterman—"

"You do; I see you do. You dare not deny it. And you are going away to-morrow, because you think your love is hopeless, are you not?"

The man wondered how she had read him so well. What harm could it do to admit the truth to her? Certainly none.

"I grant all that you have said," he uttered calmly enough. "Now what?"

She laid her hand on his arm. Her eyes were moist with her sympathy.

"Don't go without speaking," she said.

"Mallicent Graeme has never said a word to me upon the subject, but I believe she loves you. She has been cold and cruel toward you, but I believe that her love has caused it. She is waiting for you to speak to her. If you will, she will be your friend."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

Come on, said the girl, starting towards the house, and here the happy news of both will be forever wrecked. O! Mr. Vandeware, I beseech you not to go away without speaking. Promise me that you will not."

Hugh's face had lighted with a sudden glow of happiness. Could this be true? At any rate, the girl's earnestness gave him hope and courage. "I promise," he said. "I have been a coward; but I will be man enough to test my fate."

A DRIVE WITH No. 40.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAURICE F. ROAN.

Laura Leigh received a telegram to the effect that her aunt, Miss Amelia Greenly, was dying. But Laura was used to this sort of thing.

"She must be dying this time," she said. "I can't wait for the train," cried Laura. "I'll go at once. Please get me a cab, doctor."

"Certainly, my dear; but it's all nonsense. You'd better stay at home."

But Laura was resolute—and in five minutes she was in a cab, rattling over the cobblestones.

The short winter day had faded into dusk. The cab moved with a reasonable degree of speed, but much too slowly for his impatient occupant.

It was necessary to pass the high wall of the Inane Asylum, which ran for some distance along the road that led to Oldham.

The asylum gate had been reached, when Laura heard a low groan, and the carriage began to move more slowly. She looked out of a window. A dark figure—it seemed to be that of the driver—was being hurled from the box. It fell almost under the wheels. She saw that the whip was being used cruelly upon the horse—but she could not see who occupied the driver's seat.

The horse dashed along at full speed; the old cab crashed as if it were going to pieces.

What could this mean? Laura asked herself. Somebody was running away with her! She screamed; but what was the use of that, when the lonely road was bordered by long stretches of desolate fields? She thought of throwing herself from the carriage—but a glance at the swiftness with which the ground seemed to move beneath the wheels, deterred her from doing so.

At last she felt exhausted and almost wild with fear. She heard voices again on the road. Horror chilled her blood as she listened. It was the harsh, peculiar voice of the lunatic, No. 40!

And then she fainted.

Her senses came back slowly. She was no longer in the cab. The ceiling above, with the cluster of poles off in many places, first met her eyes. A tall candle placed in a bottle, stood near her on the floor. She closed her eyes, and the remembrance of her late fearful ride came into her mind.

She dreaded to open her eyes lest she might see him. Summoning all her courage she looked around. Her worst fear was realized. There he stood between her and the closed door. His face was gloomy; his eyes burned with a fierce glow, moving uneasily in their sockets.

"Ha, my lady," he said, "my mission is about to be accomplished. I will rid the world of you—you will break no more hearts, and make no more men mad. See!" He drew a razor from the bosom of his coat, and opened the door. Laura saw that the moon had risen above the distant hills.

At the hour which the moon paints the shadow of yonder elm upon the ground, then you shall die—yes, die. I have sworn to kill you. This steel shall drink your blood, and then you will break no more hearts—as mine was broken long ago.

A dead silence succeeded. Laura bowed her head and prayed. It seemed hard to die, and in that awful way, still harder. But prayer brought a holy resignation, and she knelt on the floor, watching the moon ascend. Slowly the hours dragged on. The maniac maintained the same position. The cutting wistful breeze swept into the room, but the glacially felt cold.

"The time has come!" said the madman, pointing out to the spot where the moonbeams were falling through the elm boughs, casting flickering shadows on the frost-baked ground.

Laura felt that she was about to die. Her words trembled on her lips. The maniac advanced with the glittering razor. Laura uttered piercing shrieks in quick succession. The cruel instrument was raised to strike; but before it could descend a man bounded through the doorway, and with a sweeping blow felled the madman to the floor.

"Saved!" cried the clear, ringing voice of Arthur Lane.

The glad consciousness that this was no illusion soon brought back her self-possession. Heart and soul went up in thanks-giving.

"Four men, he has suffered some great sorrow," he said, gazing down on the insensible madman.

"He may revive, and become unmanageable," said Arthur, taking a trial from his portable medicine-case, and applying it to the nostrils of the prostrate man. "That will keep him quiet until we reach the asylum."

"Where are we?"

"In a deserted cabin, half-way between Oldham and the city. This place was formerly occupied by some railroad laborers. I noticed a carriage in a clump of trees, farther up the road; am I right in supposing you have been waylaid by this unfortunate man? I thought that No. 40 was allowed too much liberty."

Laura explained how she had come into her present position.

"I can relieve your mind at once of any anxiety you may have felt about your aunt. She is as well as ever she was," said Arthur, after she had finished her explanation. "I was also sent to the asylum, and I am now very much better. I mounted Gray and started for Oldham. Your aunt met me at the door. She answered my questions by stating that she calculated on living for a week or so, at least till the minute meat was safely off her mind. I called her an old hump, I'm afraid, but I hope you'll apologize for me when you see her again."

"Well, I was reticent from your aunt's, not in a very pleasant frame of mind, when I heard your story."

"And I never can repay the great service you have done me," said Laura, grateful tears filling her eyes.

"Yes, you can," he said, significantly; but Laura apparently did not hear him. He left the cabin, and led the horse to the door. The insensible lunatic was placed in the carriage, and Laura, preferring not to ride in such company, concluded to sit beside Arthur on the box. Gray, Arthur's horse, was tied behind the cab, and they started for the city.

Laura could not help lingering at the idea of a wild schoolmate riding in this unusual style. She was greatly comforted by the knowledge that the darkness would prevent anybody from recognizing her.

Arthur Lane was in a joyous mood, his sparkling conversation enlivened the dreary ride, and caused his companion to forget his discomfort. He had never appeared to more advantage in her eyes. Gratitude, of course, had some share in producing this feeling, but its principal cause was that Arthur Lane seemed so unlike his usual self. He had not met him in society, he had appeared stiff and constrained, and she had thought him to be a dull, plodding, self-absorbed sort of person—but now he was altogether different. Her spirit soon began to recover from the terrible shock she had received, and before they reached the city she and Arthur had become very good friends.

Arthur delivered the still insensible madman to the officers of the asylum, and then attended Laura to her boarding-house. The next morning he came to tell her that the cabman who had been thrown from his seat by No. 40 was doing well. The fall had injured him slightly.

No. 40 seemed as harmless as ever, but more care was taken of him thenceforth. Arthur Lane's visits became frequent. The inmates of Laura's boarding-house expected him regularly every evening. Poor Pearl was rapidly backing herself into consumption.

Two hours passed. Five o'clock came. The liberal door opened, and the doctor entered, holding a telegram.

"From Oldham. Your aunt wants me. I can't go, though; I have to deliver a lecture to-night, and I will not break my engagement just to gratify a whim of hers."

Her heart-beat the doctor seemed: "She must be dying this time. Oh, dear, I can't wait for the train," cried Laura. "I'll go at once. Please get me a cab, doctor."

"Certainly, my dear; but it's all nonsense. You'd better stay at home."

But Laura was resolute—and in five minutes she was in a cab, rattling over the cobblestones.

The short winter day had faded into dusk. The cab moved with a reasonable degree of speed, but much too slowly for his impatient occupant.

It was necessary to pass the high wall of the Inane Asylum, which ran for some distance along the road that led to Oldham.

The asylum gate had been reached, when Laura heard a low groan, and the carriage began to move more slowly. She looked out of a window. A dark figure—it seemed to be that of the driver—was being hurled from the box. It fell almost under the wheels. She saw that the whip was being used cruelly upon the horse—but she could not see who occupied the driver's seat.

The horse dashed along at full speed; the old cab crashed as if it were going to pieces.

What could this mean? Laura asked herself. Somebody was running away with her! She screamed; but what was the use of that, when the lonely road was bordered by long stretches of desolate fields? She thought of throwing herself from the carriage—but a glance at the swiftness with which the ground seemed to move beneath the wheels, deterred her from doing so.

At last she felt exhausted and almost wild with fear. She heard voices again on the road. Horror chilled her blood as she listened. It was the harsh, peculiar voice of the lunatic, No. 40!

And then she fainted.

Her senses came back slowly. She was no longer in the cab. The ceiling above, with the cluster of poles off in many places, first met her eyes. A tall candle placed in a bottle, stood near her on the floor. She closed her eyes, and the remembrance of her late fearful ride came into her mind.

She dreaded to open her eyes lest she might see him. Summoning all her courage she looked around. Her worst fear was realized. There he stood between her and the closed door. His face was gloomy; his eyes burned with a fierce glow, moving uneasily in their sockets.

"Ha, my lady," he said, "my mission is about to be accomplished. I will rid the world of you—you will break no more hearts, and make no more men mad. See!" He drew a razor from the bosom of his coat, and opened the door. Laura saw that the moon had risen above the distant hills.

At the hour which the moon paints the shadow of yonder elm upon the ground, then you shall die—yes, die. I have sworn to kill you. This steel shall drink your blood, and then you will break no more hearts—as mine was broken long ago.

A dead silence succeeded. Laura bowed her head and prayed. It seemed hard to die, and in that awful way, still harder. But prayer brought a holy resignation, and she knelt on the floor, watching the moon ascend. Slowly the hours dragged on. The maniac maintained the same position. The cutting wistful breeze swept into the room, but the glacially felt cold.

"The time has come!" said the madman, pointing out to the spot where the moonbeams were falling through the elm boughs, casting flickering shadows on the frost-baked ground.

Laura felt that she was about to die. Her words trembled on her lips. The maniac advanced with the glittering razor. Laura uttered piercing shrieks in quick succession. The cruel instrument was raised to strike; but before it could descend a man bounded through the doorway, and with a sweeping blow felled the madman to the floor.

"Saved!" cried the clear, ringing voice of Arthur Lane.

The glad consciousness that this was no illusion soon brought back her self-possession. Heart and soul went up in thanks-giving.

"Four men, he has suffered some great sorrow," he said, gazing down on the insensible madman.

"He may revive, and become unmanageable," said Arthur, taking a trial from his portable medicine-case, and applying it to the nostrils of the prostrate man. "That will keep him quiet until we reach the asylum."

"Where are we?"

"In a deserted cabin, half-way between Oldham and the city. This place was formerly occupied by some railroad laborers. I noticed a carriage in a clump of trees, farther up the road; am I right in supposing you have been waylaid by this unfortunate man? I thought that No. 40 was allowed too much liberty."

Laura explained how she had come into her present position.

"I can relieve your mind at once of any anxiety you may have felt about your aunt. She is as well as ever she was," said Arthur, after she had finished her explanation. "I was also sent to the asylum, and I am now very much better. I mounted Gray and started for Oldham. Your aunt met me at the door. She answered my questions by stating that she calculated on living for a week or so, at least till the minute meat was safely off her mind. I called her an old hump, I'm afraid, but I hope you'll apologize for me when you see her again."

"Well, I was reticent from your aunt's, not in a very pleasant frame of mind, when I heard your story."

"And I never can repay the great service you have done me," said Laura, grateful tears filling her eyes.

"Yes, you can," he said, significantly; but Laura apparently did not hear him. He left the cabin, and led the horse to the door. The insensible lunatic was placed in the carriage, and Laura, preferring not to ride in such company, concluded to sit beside Arthur on the box. Gray, Arthur's horse, was tied behind the cab, and they started for the city.

Laura could not help lingering at the idea of a wild schoolmate riding in this unusual style. She was greatly comforted by the knowledge that the darkness would prevent anybody from recognizing her.

Arthur Lane was in a joyous mood, his sparkling conversation enlivened the dreary ride, and caused his companion to forget his discomfort. He had never appeared to more advantage in her eyes. Gratitude, of course, had some share in producing this feeling, but its principal cause was that Arthur Lane seemed so unlike his usual self. He had not met him in society, he had appeared stiff and constrained, and she had thought him to be a dull, plodding, self-absorbed sort of person—but now he was altogether different. Her spirit soon began to recover from the terrible shock she had received, and before they reached the city she and Arthur had become very good friends.

Arthur delivered the still insensible madman to the officers of the asylum, and then attended Laura to her boarding-house. The next morning he came to tell her that the cabman who had been thrown from his seat by No. 40 was doing well. The fall had injured him slightly.

No. 40 seemed as harmless as ever, but more care was taken of him thenceforth. Arthur Lane's visits became frequent. The inmates of Laura's boarding-house expected him regularly every evening. Poor Pearl was rapidly backing herself into consumption.

"You'll have to send either Arthur or Pearl away," said Dr. Morley. "and," ah, my, "I think it will be the latter."

Laura turned her head at the door; however, the next day she gave Pearl to one of her pupils, saying that she was too troublesome. It was strange she had just found it out; but somebody's engagement ring was shining on her finger, and that might account for the sudden discovery.

Well, a wedding took place in time. "I thought, my dear," said the old doctor, "you said you wouldn't marry anybody but a great general, or—"

"I've said a great many foolish things, no doubt," returned Laura, composedly cutting the first slice from the wedding cake, "but I never said I wouldn't change my mind."

Just then a messenger was brought in, addressed to Mrs. Arthur Lane. It contained messages and a note from Aunt Amelia.

"When I feel another spell of goodness coming on (the note said), I'll let you know the day before, then I hope you won't travel at night."

And No. 40, who had indirectly contributed to this happy issue, was not forgotten when the cake came to be distributed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ACQUITTAL OF MRS. WHARTON.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 24.—At ten minutes of two o'clock this morning the chief judge was informed that the jury had agreed. The court room was soon filled by an eager crowd, but few ladies being present. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock Mrs. Wharton and her daughter, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Crawford, entered the court room.

Mrs. Nugent and Miss Rose Nelson were also present. Mrs. Wharton, her daughter and her friends appeared in good spirits, as the favorable character of the verdict was known to them.

Previously the entry of the jury in the court room, Chief Judge Miller admonished the audience that no manifestation of approval or disapproval would be permitted on the rendering of the verdict. After the jury had entered and taken their seats, for a few minutes a stillness pervaded the room as silence as ever witnessed at a death-bed scene. Mrs. Wharton was standing in the prisoner's box, with Mr. Crawford Nelson at her side, and by them stood Miss Nellie Wharton, with Mr. Thomas, one of the counsel.

The oppressive silence was broken by the calling of the jury by the clerk, and their answering. Colonel Harwood, the clerk, then said, "Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?" There was a nod of assent by the jurors.

Chief Judge Miller then asked for you?" A juror answered—"Our foreman."

Mrs. Wharton was then directed to raise her right hand.

Clerk—"Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner at the bar. Now say, is she guilty of the crime of which she stands indicted, or not guilty?"

Franklin Deale—"Not guilty."

As the foreman answered there was a slight manifestation of applause, which was instantaneously checked by the court and the bailiffs. Every eye was fixed upon the prisoner, who still stood calm and apparently unmoved. But through the heavy black veil, which was not displaced, tears could be seen streaming down her pale face. Otherwise there was no sign of emotion. Miss Nellie wept, and was deeply affected when Mrs. Wharton left the prisoner's box. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hagner, her counsel, each shook her hand with brief words of congratulation. Her friends present also took her hand, expressing gratification at the result of the trial.

It is understood that before agreeing the jury stood eight for acquittal and four were not fully determined on their verdict. It was first decided that they would agree, and not go in a hung jury. During the trial they were out five ballots were taken, after which a verdict of not guilty was agreed to. Before adjourning it was understood between the court and counsel that the trial of Mrs. Wharton on the indictment for an attempt to poison Mr. Van Ness would come off at the regular term of the court in April.

Mr. Steele asked that the court fix the amount of bail for her appearance at the consideration of the circumstances of Mrs. Wharton. The court fixed the bail at \$5,000 on Mrs. Wharton's personal recognizance, and \$2,500 each of two securities. Mrs. Wharton then acknowledged her recognizance, and Mr. J. Crawford Nelson and Miss Nellie Wharton gave her securities in \$2,500 each. The court then adjourned.

Mrs. Wharton left the room leaning on the arm of Mr. Steele, and Miss Nellie on that of Mr. Thomas. Mrs. Wharton will remain in Annapolis a few days at the house of a friend.

During the trial sixty-six witnesses were summoned and fifty-six sworn. The cost of the trial has been about \$16,000.

The Philadelphia Ledger comments as follows:

The trial of Mrs. Wharton on the charge of murdering General Ketchum by poison, which commenced at Annapolis on the 4th of last December, was concluded yesterday morning by a verdict of acquittal. It lasted seven weeks and three days, and will take rank among the most sensational trials in the history of the country. The case was extraordinary in all its surroundings. An accomplished woman, moving in the most refined circles of society, remarkable for the amenity of her manners and the amiability of her disposition, was suddenly accused of being an habitual poisoner. The grounds of the accusation being the sudden death of a guest in her home, after a brief and violent illness, and the extremely dangerous illness of another visitor to her house at the same time. These and other circumstances led not only to the accusation of murder, but to numerous publications purporting to be narratives of extraordinary events in Mrs. Wharton's career, and her name was freely coupled with that of Leticia Borgia. Parties were arrayed both against her and for her. There came the removal of the trial of the case from Baltimore, where she lived and where General Ketchum died, to Annapolis, and an array of the strongest counsel from the bar of Maryland on both sides, the prosecution and the defense being managed with masterly ability. During the whole seven weeks interest in the proceedings has never flagged, though the almost universal expectation has been from the time when the strength of the defense was first developed, that the jury could not bring a verdict of guilty.

The anticipation has been fulfilled. And now, having obtained from joining in the assumption that Mrs. Wharton must of course be guilty, we shall equally abstain from any sentimentality on the other side. Those who read the testimony for the prosecution can hardly have failed to come to the conclusion that the case was one which demanded trial by a Court and Jury; and those who have been careful enough to read the testimony for the defense must by this time be aware what lamentable mistakes may be made by those who make up their judgments without hearing both sides in a case like this. No jury of intelligent and conscientious men could come to any other conclusion upon the voluminous and conflicting testimony in this case, than that the testimony did not warrant a conviction.

HOW STOKES IS GETTING ALONG.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—The arraignment of Edward R. Stokes, the murderer of Fisk, was to have taken place to-day at the Oyer

and Terminer, but Judge Ingraham was sick at home, and Judge Carbone adjourned the court to next Monday. Stokes bore himself with his usual composure, but was rather wheezy with asthma, combined with a cold. He desires an immediate trial, and is confident of acquittal—but his counsel prefer delay. He is getting tired of his lonely lodging, and is feeling very restless. He needs exercise, and petitions the warden for a little of it every day, but the warden declines. He says he wants to get behind a pair of horses again in Harlem lane.

All sorts of reports are in circulation as to Stokes' condition in the Stokes case, most of which, it is probable, run upon mere conjecture. One is, that Mr. Graham will show that Fisk must have shot himself; another, that the accusation was justifiable homicide, as Stokes was apprehended while his own life was in peril. But, as already stated, the great aim at the trial will be to gain further time.

MOVEMENTS OF ALEXIS AND SUITE.

St. Louis, Jan. 24.—The Grand Duke Alexis and suite have been very quiet since their arrival from the Plains, and have devoted their time to private affairs. A special messenger arrived here from St. Petersburg with a budget of letters, a day or two ago, and the party have been mainly engaged with their correspondence since. They have been most hospitably entertained at the Louisville. Thence, it is understood, they visit the Mammoth Cave, and then proceed to Memphis by rail, on Thursday night.

DARING ROBBERY IN NEW YORK.

New York, Jan. 21.—The highwaymen of this city ply their nefarious business on the most crowded thoroughfares during the busiest hours of the day, in a way that shows more conclusively that they have little or no fear of the police who are supposed to guard the persons and property of the honest folk who permeate the streets.

Mr. John Russell, the messenger of the Metropolitan National Bank, was walking down Broadway yesterday, at about two o'clock, when he was accosted by a man in Central, the shoe and leather, the Chemical and the Merchants' Banks, and had received \$33,100.35 in gold certificates, which he had placed in his wallet with other papers, checks and drafts valued at over \$50,000. The book who had used in an inner pocket of his coat, Mr. Russell vanished in the crowd that thronged Broadway, and walked down along until he approached Murray street, where a crowd which had gathered around some workmen digging the foundations of a new building observed the sidewalk. In the confusion Mr. Russell was pushed along with the crowd around him, when suddenly a large man stepped in front of him. Some pungent substance, like ammonia, was thrown in his eyes, and while utterly blinded, he felt some one seizing him by the coat, and snatching the wallet from the pocket, the ruffian then ran away and disappeared. It all was done so quickly that no defense was possible, and some confederate must have aided the robber, as the crowd did not know what was doing until it had occurred.

Mr. Russell is a venerable man of sixty years, and is highly esteemed for his upright character. The assault has shocked him not a little, and his eyes are considerably inflamed from the vicious substance which was thrown in his face.

The police were not at hand to make any attempt to arrest the perpetrators of the crime, and knew nothing about it until evening. A large reward has been offered by the cashier of the Metropolitan National Bank, Mr. George I. Seney, for the recovery of the property.

SEA COAST DEFENSES.

ARMING OF FORT SUMNER, MOULTREE AND PULASKI.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 22.—The news this morning announces that the work of putting Fort Sumner and Moultrie in a defensive condition will begin immediately. The contractors will commence the mounting of forty heavy guns to-day. Fort Pulaski, below Savannah, is also to be strengthened with extensive earthworks and guns of greater calibre. Capt. Renshaw, who has been on leave here, has been ordered at once to the command of the steamer Watchdog of the South Atlantic squadron. The news attributes these movements to apprehensions of trouble with Spain.

DEPARTURE OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

The four vessels comprising the Russian fleet that accompanied Alexis to these shores, received orders to sail from New York on the 23d of Jan. The men were therefore got together, and everything being in readiness, the fleet sailed at about 7 o'clock. The next morning, outward bound. They will proceed to Pensacola, where Alexis and his suite are expected to embark, and thence sail for Havana. The voyage round the world then commences.

ITEMS.

The Russian Minister Oleskany and his wife are homeward bound.

Horace Greeley's sixty-first birthday will be celebrated February 3.

It is reported that the small-pox is raging fearfully at Thayer, Iowa. The population is less than one thousand. Over thirty deaths have occurred within four weeks. Almost every person in the town is stricken down with the disease. No trains are allowed to stop there.

There was a fat man's ball in New York on Jan. 19, at Irving Hall. The heaviest man on the floor was G. McGraw. He weighed 345 pounds. Brigadier-General King, of Pittsburg, Pa., weighed 290 pounds. He was among the heaviest.

A characteristic story is told of the late James Fisk. As soon as he perceived that Stokes was visiting him in the regard of Mr. Mansfield, he told the lady that Fisk was going up on a certain day, knowing that she would inform her new lover of the fact. She did so. Stokes looked heavily and borrowed largely. Fisk manipulated it down, and Stokes lost \$100,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A HEAVY STORM.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—A severe storm commenced yesterday evening, and lasted all night, raging with great violence. The sea was in a tumult, and rain poured down in torrents, flooding the lower portions of the city. The Parliament building was damaged, the water penetrating the roof in several places and injuring the decorations and furniture.

The weather reports show that the storm was throughout the British Isles, and reached some portions of the Continent. The telegraph wires are prostrated in various directions, and communications interrupted. In the Channel and on the Irish coast the storm was extremely severe. Serious disasters to shipping are feared, although, partly owing to the derangement of the wires, no wrecks are yet reported.

MURDERER REPRIEVED—THE GREAT STORM.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Christina Edwards, the poisoner, under sentence of death, has received a reprieve.

In the storm of yesterday and preceding night the rain-fall was extraordinary. The streams in the north of England overflowed, their banks, and whole villages are delayed. Great damage has been done to property, especially in the Valley of the Severn, where the flood was widespread and devastation extensive. The Thames also rose above its banks, and the town of Windsor has suffered severely. The effects of the freshet were felt even in London. The upper portion of

the city on the river was flooded, and the loss of property and interruption to business are quite serious.

IMPORTANT RECORDS SOUGHT.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Lady Franklin has offered a reward of £3000 for the recovery of the records of the *Arctos* or *Terror*, supposed to have been deposited in King William's Land.

RUSSIA.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—A despatch from St. Petersburg, announces the issue of an Imperial decree subjecting all male citizens of Russia to military service.

POLAND'S PRIMARY SCHOOL LANGUAGE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 25.—By direction of the Czar, a decree has been issued making compulsory the use of the Russian language in the primary schools of Poland.

ITALY.

THE POPE ADVISED TO LEAVE ROME.

ROME, Jan. 25.—Notwithstanding the disinclination of the Pope to leave Rome, his advisers are urging him to quit the city and establish the Holy See in some other locality.

FRANCE.

A TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—A despatch from Nice reports a terrible railway accident at that city to-day. While the train from Cannes was crossing a bridge over the Fagnone river, the structure gave way and the cars were precipitated into the water. When the train stopped upon the accident had occurred, it was ascertained that fourteen persons had been killed and wounded.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head, and the market was very quiet. The prices were as follows: Choice beef cattle, \$10.00; good beef cattle, \$9.00; fair beef cattle, \$8.00; poor beef cattle, \$7.00.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion. Twenty cents for each additional insertion. 50¢ Payment is required in advance.

THE "DOMESTIC"

"BEST TO USE," "EASIEST TO SELL."

30 NEW MACHINES, and 30 Receipts, mailed free.

WHISKERS!

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

AND SOLD ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

By Wm. SMITH, LL

A government has been set on foot to erect a system for useless young men. The only reason, which the "committee" fear will be unanswerable, is that of getting the building done.

some impatient of delay, and no more cautious people suggest the impracticability of my attempting the ascent at all, owing to objections the late and dangerous season of the year, and the inconvenient frame of my wrist, than I made up my mind to risk the undertaking at all hazards. An unhappy trait of character lies dormant, in active, in some natures.

back to the hamlets—where, although uncommon, I was found to be living in the same manner as the nomads. I was soon restored to my usual life and in two weeks moved on toward Rhineke.

"I had made the peak of Tev with his left eyebrow, stared at his beard, and questioned."

"What of my year?"

"De... what? A year later, I had just danced at her wedding."

"Komodo!"

"The... married... Gumbat."

need to consult a plane manufacturer, who can give you the information. You desire an *air mail* (航空郵便) stamp, which is a stamp with a picture of an airplane and a *postmark* (郵便印) indicating the date and place of issue. You also want a *postcard* (郵便カード), which is a small card with a picture of a scene or a person and a space for writing a message. The *postage* (郵便料) is the fee for sending a letter or a postcard. The *postman* (郵便配達員) is the person who delivers the mail. The *post office* (郵便局) is the place where you can send mail. The *post box* (郵便箱) is a box where you can put your mail. The *postcard* (郵便カード) is a small card with a picture of a scene or a person and a space for writing a message. The *postage* (郵便料) is the fee for sending a letter or a postcard. The *postman* (郵便配達員) is the person who delivers the mail. The *post office* (郵便局) is the place where you can send mail. The *post box* (郵便箱) is a box where you can put your mail.

DELICATE CAKE, No. 2.—Three-fourths of a pound of butter, one pound of pulverized loaf sugar, the whites of sixteen eggs beat stiff, and one pound of flour. Put together as No. 1.

SODA DELICATE, No. 2.—One pound of pulverized sugar, half a pound of butter, the whites of sixteen eggs put together as in No. 1, one-half pound of sifted cream in a cup of sweet cream, and two level-tables of cream of tartar, stirred with a pound of flour. Add the soda and cream. Just before baking.

RECEIPTS.

Whites of sixteen eggs put together as in No. 1, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a cup of sweet cream, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifted with a pound of flour. Add the soda and cream just before baking. Bake as soon as possible in a quick oven.